TO-DAY'S REPUBLIC Is Printed in TWO PARTS.

NINETY-THIRD YEAR.

ST. LOUIS, MO., SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1900.

in St. Louis, One Cent. Outside St. Louis, Two Cents. On Trains, Three Cents.

## BOB FITZSIMMONS WON FROM RUHLIN IN THE SIXTH---A DESPERATE BATTLE.

Hard Fighting From the First Moment the Men Faced Each Other.

EARLY ROUNDS RUHLIN'S.

He Weakened Quickly, However. Under Fitz's Terrible Body Blows.

#### A KNOCK-OUT ENDED IT.

Ruhlin Did Not Recover Consciousness Until in His Dressing Room.

New York, Aug. 19 .- Bob Fitzsimmons of Australia, but now an American citizen, met Gus Ruhlin, the Akron Giant, to-night before the Twentieth Century Club at Madison Square Garden, and won by knocking the Ohioan down and out in the sixth

Before the fight and for some weeks past there have been many reports to the effect that Fitz was too old to cope successfully with his younger opponent. It was argued that Fitz's well-known knowledge of the game and his capability of hard hitting would not be able to counterbalance the youth and strength, as well as the recently acquired ring tactics, of the Ohio man, To-night, however, all this has been changed. Fitz did the trick cleanly and cleverly.

It was a flerce and bloody battle while it lasted and at times it looked as if Ruhlin would get the better of the older man, but Fitz at the proper time would cut loose with his fearful body blow, which finally enuffed out the Ohio boxer's light.

The betting all along had fa ored Fitz, many wagers at the rate of \$100 to \$80 on Lanky Bob being made. To-night, however, at the ringside, there was a flush of Ruhlin money, which forced the odds to take a turn in Ruhlin's favor at the rate of \$100 to \$90. This state of affairs did not last long, however, and by the time the men put up their hands for the opening round they were equal favorites, even money being the rule.

Hard Fighting. Fitz conceded about thirty-two pounds to Ruhlin and this in itself was a serious handicap. But as the result showed, Fitz was equal to the task he had set himself and won out with that terrible solar plexus

Ruhlin from head to foot. From the word "go!" the men started in with hurricanelike force. Both men were wild at times, but Fitzsimmons was always the quicker to steady himself. Ruhlin the quicker to steady himself. Ruhlin clinched a good deal, and for three or four rounds was the aggressor. He landed some hard, straight lefts on Fitz's face and swung his right to the body and head with fearful force. Several of these blows staggered Fitzsimmons, but none of them landed on the mark as Fitzsimmons was too shifty. At times both missed swings with either hand, but many of Ruhlin's were goodged in the cleverest manner. Fitz forced Ruhlin to break ground, and in hot mixups the Ohio man was always the first to ease up and take refuge in a clinch. Time and again Fitz forced Rublin to the ropes,

and again Fitz forced Runin to the ropes, from which position Ruhlin got away rather clumsily, while Fitz was always very quick in his foot movements.

When Ruhlin's nose began to bleed from a left punch, the sight of the blood seemed to have a deterrent effect on him, and Fitz have a deterrent effect on him, and Fitz was quick to see this. On the first signs of weakness on Ruhlin's part Fitz began his attack on the body, and each blow which be landed there made Gus wince with pain. Fitz's handlers kept urging him to play for the solar plexus, but Fitz only tried it occasionally. Evidently he was waiting an opportunity for a right swing to the mark. In the fourth and fifth rounds both men rapid work they had done in the preceding rounds. Both were tired and leg-weary, but Ruhlin showed up much the worse of the two. Fitz was always the quicker on his feet at the call of time, but now and then during the rounds he seemed to stand still and glare at his opponent. Ruhlin at these times also stood still, being evidently grateful for the chance of breathing which Fitz afforded him.

afforded him. Fits Slipped Down Once.

Just once Fitz touched the floor, when he slipped down from a clinch at the end of a round. In the sixth round Ruhlin was slow in coming to time, while Fitzsimmons jumped at his man. Fitz got around Ruhlin, and while the latter sent straight lefts for Fitzsimmons's head, Bob side-stepped safely and landed lefts on body and rights to the head. With a volley of lefts and rights to the head and neck, and with a fearful left on the safely and rights to the head and neck, and with a

to the head. With a volley of lefts and rights to the head and neck, and with a fearful left on the solar plexus, Fitz sent Ruhlin in a heap to the floor.

This was the beginning of the end that soon followed. Ruhlin, after taking nine seconds of the count, arose to his feet grogsy from the effects of the blow. Fitz krew he had his man and was ready for him. As soon as Ruhlin got up Fitz rushed, sending two lefts to the face, and then shot his right with fearful force to the point of Ruhlin's jaw. Gus pitched forward as if struck with an ax and fell on his face to the floor, where he was counted out and had to be carried to his corner.

Wild scenes were then enacted in and about the ring side. It seemed as if every one in the building wanted to greet the winner or sympathize with the loser, and the police officers had a busy quarter of an hour in getting the people out of the building. Fitz left the ring five minutes after he had delivered the winning punch, but it delivered the winning punch, but it Ruhlin twelve minutes to come around dentity to be able to walk to his dress-

Fitz was still a little bit dazed when he reached his room on the Fourth avenue side of the Garden, and of some of those who gathered about him he asked if it was not the fifteenth round in which the fight was finished. He soon recovered his reason, and then indulged in a hearty laugh. "Well," he said, "I'm an old fellow and a has-been, eh? Well, I guess I was good enough for Mr. Ruhlin, and he was not so bad, eh? That was as tough a battle as I ever went through, but I'm still good enough for a few more. Ruhlin is a good one, and with a little more experience he will about do. He hit me some carking wal. one, and with a little more experience he will about do. He hit me some corking wallops, and although I did not realize it at the time, I can tell you he can punch a bit. "I was very thred, but the further the bout went the more positive I felt that I could finish him. Toward the close Ruhlin grew very weak and I knew I had only to steady myself a little in order to get him. He gave me a good fight, and I can give him nothing but praise."

Bob's seconds wished him to go to a bath right away, but he refused eaving his wife

### FITZ WAS SURE HE WOULD DO IT.

<del>9\*\*\*\*\*</del>

BY ROBERT FITZSIMMONS.

New York, Aug. 10.-Well, I guess I am not a "has been" yet. It was a hard fight, of course, but the result was just as I expected. I knew I could stop Ruhlin in less than ten rounds after his fight with Sharkey. Ruhlin is a good strong fellow, and, in fact, better than I really thought. He took the gaff well and came

I was a little tired in the second round from working, but I saw I had my man whipped, and just took matters easy to get in that one punch. You know my hands were not at their best, but they proved strong enough to do the trick.

Now that I have defeated Ruhlin I will prepare to meet Sharkey on August 25. I think there is still another good fight left, and the Sailor will know that after I

#### RUHLIN THINKS FITZ WILL REMEMBER.

New York, Aug. 10.-I did my best and have no complaint to offer. Fitzsimons is a great fighter-in fact, the best I have ever met. I thought I could beat him, but the veteran proved too much for me. I do not think I fought as well as when I met Sharkey. I was slow, and although I had my man almost out early in the contest, I was unable to finish him. Although Fitzsimmons won, I think he will remember our battle for a long time to come. In the early rounds I gave him enough punishment to beat any ordinary man, but it did not feaze him. Fitz-simmons, despite his age, is a stronger man than people give him credit for. He can handle himself like a 10-year-old and has a punch that can defeat any man in the world if it reaches the spot. I take my hat off to Fitzsimmons, but I think my showing entitles me to another match.

that Gus's defeat was due to overtraining James J. Corbett, who acted as one of Ruhlin's seconds, also declared that Ruhlin was overtrained.

"I know this," he said, "for he was with me during my preparations for my bout with Jeffries. After that Gus continued training for his battle with Sharkey, and worked even harder after that for his bout with Fitzsimmons. I warned him that he was doing too much, but he imagined that he could stand it. Anybody could see tonight that something was wrong with him, as he sent the right to the jaw repeatedly. Ruhlin's seconds, also declared that Ruhla was overtrained.
"I know this," he said, "for he was with me during my preparations for my bout with Jeffries. After that Gus continued training for his battle with Sharkey, and worked even harder after that for his bout with Fitzsimmons. I warned him that he was doing too much, but he imagined that he could stand it. Anybody could see tonight that something was wrong with him, as he sent the right to the jaw repeatedly,

#### OLD RING GENERAL'S STRATEGY OVERCAME ADVANTAGE OF YOUTH.

#### Martin Green Describes the Battle of Experience Against Main Strength-Triumph of Brains in the Bald Head.

BY MARTIN GREEN.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL New York, Aug. 10.-For nearly six rounds the bald pate of Bob Fitzsimmons shone like a lively ball of mercury in the ring at Madison Square Garden to-night. At times the shining pate was tinged with crimson, but at no time was the light of courage missing from the visage it crowned.

And when they picked Gus Ruhlin up from the rosined floor and carried him off like a ily, the yell of sheer joy that went up put a grin on the homely, freckled face that made

Such a battle it was! On the one side the lean old warrior, here of a hundred bloody frays, cool and calculating, full of reserve and confidence despite the handicap of years. On the other hand, the hulky, albeit clean-limbed, youth from Ohio, whose rise has been rapid, who had the advantage of youth and bulk. The disproportion in the size of the men was marked.

Ruhlin was nervous and gazed charily at his bald-headed antagonist. Everything looked like Ruhlin in the first ound. Amid a stillness that was almost fearsome, the young man smote the old as

he pleased, it seemed. Over the eye of the old man a place formed from which blood spurted. The old eyes seemed wrong, the old head seemed to have lost its cunning. On every hand it was said, "He's too heavy for Fitz. But in the second round the tide turned; the old eyes got right, and cunning was again enthroned in the old brain. Every

art known to the ring, every trick of hand and foot, he exhibited. Slowly, but surely the man with the handlcap of years, beat down the advantage of his opponent's youth, and when the end came it was a victory in which every force that a fighter should possess was brought into play.

Fitz's Great Triumph.

Jim Corbett, dressed as though for a tennis party, advised Ruhlin. His advice went for naught. Fitzsimmons heard it as well, and took advantage of it. In the besinning of the fight he landed his famous solar plexus, and the theatrical visage of Corbett ran the gamut of emotions from hone to desnair. nope to despair.

In the last four rounds Ruhlin bled like In the last four rounds Ruhlin bled like a fountain. He flew clots from his nostrils and spouted gore from a large green lump over his eye. When he went down the last time his face hit the floor first. He groveled in the rosin as though he liked it, as indeed perhaps he did, after what had put him there.

Ruhlin could not have sworn whether he was in New York or Akron, O., after the fight. Fitzsimmons walked across to shake

fight. Fitzsimmons walked across to shake hands with him and put out his freekled

fight. Fitzsimmons walked across to shake hands with him and put out his freckled fist to a drooping, inert mountain of bloody flesh. It may be that Ruhlin can distinguish a Broadway car from a ferry boat about Sunday night.

No fighter ever lived who received such an ovation as the bald-headed old gladiator was accorded when his man went down. It was a just tribute to him, too. The excitement toward the end of the fight reached a painful pitch. Two partisans in the boxes engaged in a fight that put the Garden in a furor, but the contest in the ring was too interesting to allow attention to be diverted from it.

To sum it all up—Ruhlin was beaten most cruelly. Fitzsimmons was knocked down and he was scarcely marked. At times the impact of the big body from Ohio tired him, but he always had a punch it reserve. Sometimes he played groggy with good effect, but on such occasions he almost gave his adherents heart disease.

At the close of the fight hundreds of enthusiasts broke down the police guard, invaded the ring and would have kidnaped Fitzsimmons and put him on the Dewey arch had they been allowed. This mobbroke down the press tables and caressed the heads of the reporters with their feet. That semebody was not seriously injured in the crush is one of the miracles that attend the movements of persons whose heads are upholstered with sawdust.

Fitzsimmons, after the fight, was met by are upholstered with sawdust,
Fitzslmmons, after the fight, was met by his triumphant wife, who had watched the returns in a hotel close by.

Ruhlin-well, nobody cared much where Ruhlin went, The defeated prize fighter is assuredly a torn deuce in the pugilistic deak.

deck.

It was the might of the shirt-waist man. There were 10,000 of him. Some of him grew very weak and I knew I had only to steady myself at little in order to get him. He gave me a good fight, and I can give him nothing but praise."

Bob's seconds wished him to go to a bath right away, but he refused, eaving his wife was waiting for him, and he must go home. And cheering crowd.

Ruhlin in a Trance.

Ruhlin, when he reached his room, was in a sort of a trance, and it was a long time before he fully understood that he had been defeated. He was a long time before he fully understood that he had been defeated He was a long time before he fully understood that he had been defeated He was a long time before he fully understood that he had been defeated the was a long time before he fully understood that he had been defeated the was a long time before he fully understood that he had been defeated the was a long time before he fully understood that he had been defeated the was a long time before he fully understood that he had been defeated the was a long time before he fully understood that he had been defeated He was a long time before he fully understood that he had been defeated He was a long time before he fully understood that he had been defeated. He was a long time before he fully understood that he had been defeated. He was a long time before he fully understood that he had been defeated. He was a long time before he fully understood that he had been defeated. He was a long time before he fully understood that he had been defeated. He was a long time before he fully understood that he had been defeated. He was a long time before he fully understood that he had been defeated. He was a long time before he fully understood that he had been defeated. He was a long time before he fully understood that he had been defeated. He was a long time before he fully understood that he had been defeated. He was a long time before he fully understood that he had been defeated. He was a long time before he fully understood

cient to allow the taking of moving pic-tures. Down at the eastern end of the arena, mounted on a little platform, were a few dark-lantern cameras, a machine at-tached to the end of them, supposed to take the pictures.

By the time a man had been made to show his ticket to ten or fifteen policemen, had been pawed over by the sweaty hands of about 15,000, more or less, speculators, and had finally been squeezed into the garden, he felt like the result of an experiment with a sausage machine.

It has been a long time since mopolitan audience gathered in New York at a fight. Men from the Pacific Coast blew cigarette smoke into the ears of men from Maine, and sports from New Cricans assured sports from Montreal that the weather was just but er was just ripe.
Numerous bewhiskered men wearing cloth

hats with wide brims gave evidence of the fact that there are sports in the cow coun-try willing to journey to the metropolis to see two big fellows sing each other. horsey men were all there, and one could not stretch one's arm without danger of putting an eye out of an actor. Wall street was out in force and some of the brightest and the brainfest professional men in New York rubbed shoulders with brightest and the brightest shoulders with men in New York rubbed shoulders with industrials who never went in the front door of a dwelling house in their lives. Quite a few persons whose pictures are attractions in the rosues' gallery made conspicuous efforts to show to the numerous detectives that they were out solely for pleasure.

Accommodating Seconds. The electric lights over the ring were turned on early in the evening and in about half an hour the beneficent heat rays crept about and caressed the shirt. rays crept about and caressed the shirt-waist man. It was a throbbing, voluptuous caress—a caress that reminded one of the gentle wind that comes out of the bowels of a retort in a rolling mill.

When the boys came out for the pre-liminary bout, the tongues of men at the riteside were hanging on their chins and the breath of the audience was coming in

the breath of the audience was coming in enough short pents to give every boy in the United States a pair of knickerbockers, were the pants material.

The seconds of the preliminary bout youths were most accommodating. From the buckets in which they carried water in tended for the inside and outside regula-tion of their charges they saying a light to in tended for the inside and outside regula-tion of their charges they suppiled allevia-tion of the thirst of those who would drink. And there were few who would not drink. Men who would ordinarily scorn a glass of wine with a speck of dirt in it did not hesitate to quaff deeply of the fluid in which the seconds of the prize fighters had dabbled their unmanleured fineers

dibbled their unmanicured fingers.

This incident is nentioned in the hope that it may convey to the great cooled how hot it was in Madison Square Garden toright.

A more orderly crowd never gathered to see anything from a funcerly to be the see anything from a funcerly to the see anything the see anything from a funcerly to the see anything the see any the see anything the see anything the see anything the see anything the see any the see anything the see anything the see a see anything from a funeral up. Doubt-less the ennul due to the inflation of the mercury had much to do with this, but a mercury had much to do with this, but a crowd at a fight is not generally noted for repression of feeling, no matter what the circumstances. Outside of the bursts of enthusiasm legitimately brought out by the prowess of the gladiators, there was nothing to lead one to think that it might not be a con-gress of serious-minded members of a re-ligious organization.

gress of serious-minded members of a religious organization.

The man who abjures his champion to "Soak him, Bill!" "Kill him this time, Jim!" "Knock his head off, Mike!" was conspicuously absent.

Mr. Charley White, the gentleman with the Grant's Tomb dome of thought, caused a long delay in the start of the preliminary bout. The boys were in the ring almost half an hour before the referee made his appearance. He looked as though he had just come out of cold storage. The bout was soon under way, and by the time it was finished the Garden was well filled. In a sense, the attendance was disapwas finished the Garden was well filled.
In a sense, the attendance was disappointing. There were probably 1,000 vacant seats at the extreme ends of the arena. With anything like weather that would allow a man to draw his breath without feeling that he was doing a day's work the crowd would have been too small to be accommodated within the four walls. As it was, it is safe to say that nothing in the world but a fight could draw the gathering that paid money to enter Madison Square Garden to-night.

The Betting.

Some men went around with moist rolls.

Some men went around with moist roils of money, offering to bet, but they were not numerous. The bets that were made were made quietly by men not accustomed to making a grand-stand display. One bet by Sam Harris caused some interesting comment. McGovern's manager laid \$1,000 that Fitzsimmons would win in

## FIGHT DESCRIBED IN DETAIL BY ROUNDS. MRS. FANNIE FLESH MORSE

They met in the center of the ring, both feinting. Fitz landed a light right on the ear and Ruhlin countered with a right on the chest. Ruhlin bored in, putting his left across the chest, sending Bob back to the robes. Fitz broke ground and came to the center quickly. He fell short with the left and right to body. Fitz then put left to the chin, and Gus came back with left and right to the chin. Fitz missed left and right swings to the head. Fitz bored in, but in a mixup Gus beat him off to the ropes with left and right to face. Ruhlin went at Bob with both hands to the head, cutting Bob's left eye, and Bob slipped to the floor. As he got up, Ruhlin, who did not hear the bell, swung on Fitz's face. Bob's seconds claimed a foul, but it was not

Round Two.

Gus came out very slowly, but sailed in and exchanged lefts on the body. Fitz missed a left swing to the head, but followed with a right on the jaw. Fitz hooked a left to the head. They exchanged lefts to the face. Gus kept jabbing until Fitz suddenly side-stepped and swung his right to the head. Both men were wild, missing several swings. Fitz was the steadler and drove a hard right to the body, but Gus countered with a left to the face. Both stood still, glaring at each other. Fitz sent a hard left to the wind. Gus clinched and held on, but broke at the referee's bidding. At the close of the round Fitz sent left and right to the face. Both were tired when they went to their corners, but Fitz seemed the fresher.

Round Three.

Gus was the aggressor. Fitz hooked his left to the nose, bringing blood, and another rapid mix-up followed. Bob bored in, but missed him, with left and rights to face. Both were fighting wildly. Fitz sent a hard left to the body, which made Gus wabble and clinch. Ruhlin sent a left to the face and repeated the blow. Fitz shot his left onto the ear and brought his right up to the body. A left joit put Gus off his feet. A left to the face followed and a drive to the body over the heart sent Gus to the floor. He took the count. Neither of them heard the bell and each was so rattled that he did not know his corner.

Round Four.

Fitz was first up, but Gus met him with right on the chest, and Fitz swung left and right to the head, and they came to a clinch on the ropes. Gus tried a left to the head, but fell short. Gus clinched. When they broke away Gus put left and right to the head and jabbed a left to the head. Fitz missed a left swing, and Gus got his right to the body. Gus sent three lefts to the face, and then sent a left and right in that shock Fitz to the toes. Clinches were frequent, and both were very tired. Work on both sides was wild. After a clinch Gus sent right and left to the head three times. Fitz went back with left to the solar plexus, and forced Gus to the floor, where he took the count. Gus came up very groggy, but knew enough to hold out his left. Fitz missed a swing for the head, Ruhlin ducking underneath at the clang of the bell.

Round Five.

Fitz came out the fresher. Gus tried a left swing but Fitz dodged. Fitz sent a left swing to the face and they clinched again. Fitz lauded a stiff left over the heart. Fitz kept boring in. He dropped his left to stomach and swung right to the jaw. They exchanged lefts and rights on the body. Fitz jabbed left in face and Gus swung his right to the nose. Both countered with lefts on the body and clinched. Gus jabbed left to the face and Fitz sent left to face. Fitz then put a hard left on the body and threw his right over. Fitz sent left and right to the head and sent Gus reeling around the ring. Both men were bleeding from mouth and nose. The round ended with Fitz smashing Gus on the face with both hands, the Ohio man being on the ropes when the bell rang.

Round Six.

Gus was very slow coming out. They exchanged light lefts and clinched. Gus got his right inside, landing on the chin, and Fitz countered with a left on the eye, raising a big lump over Gus's eye. Gus broke ground, with Fitz following him. Ruhlin managed to stave off Bob's leads with a straight left. Fitz bore in, sending his right to the body, and Ruhlin clinched on the ropes. After they broke away, Fitz followed Gus up with lefts and rights to the head. With lefts to body and jaw he dropped him to the floor. Gus took the count, but when he arose Fitz gave him no time, but landed a right swing to the jaw and put him out. Ruhlin was carried to his corner and Fitz was declared the winner. The time of round, 2 minutes, 20 seconds.

#### MACON THINKS RUHLIN LOST THROUGH HIS LACK OF AGGRESSIVENESS.

BY J. B. (MACON) McCORMICK. REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

New York, Aug. 10.-Bob Fitzsimmons beat Gus Ruhlin in six rounds to-night in from the nose. Several times Ruhlin was one of the most desperate fights ever seen in America or any other country. The receipts were certainly above \$50,000 and may have reached \$60,000.

Both men were well trained and in excellent condition. Fitz appeared to be heavier than he ever was before, and certainly weighed above 179 pounds. His chest and stomach showed plenty of adipose tissue. Ruhlin was in excellent condition also. He weighed about 200 pounds.

The first round was largely in favor of Ruhlin, He outfought Fitz and certainly hit him often enough to whip him or any other fighter in the ring. But, as the baseball men say, he failed to bunch his hits When the round ended it looked to be Rub. lin's fight for a certainty.

My readers know that I have said often

before in these columns that the Akron Glant lacks ferocity and aggressiveness. He is not an original fighter, but depends upon others to tell him what to do while engaged in a contest.

Had he followed Jim Corbett's advicegone right to Fitz in the second round and fought him good and hard, he might have won. But it was in vain that the Pompudour urged him to aggressiveness. Fitz heard every word of advice 'lven him, and, of course, fought out of his hand. Fire made a terribly aggressive fight, and in the second round ne put Ruhiln to the floor with a wicked left-hand hook in the stomach. Even then Ruhlin nad a chance, for Fitz plainly tired, and it looked as if the younger man would wear him out. Both men were so tired in the third round that it looked as though a stiff punch would do

the trick for either one. Fitz was plainly desperate. His face was badly marked, and he, as well as Ruhlin, was bleeding freely right after him. He fought in a loggy man-ner, however, and could not be made to fol-Corbett's or Madden's instructions, Fitz, on the contrary, had no adviser to call to him. He had the skill and the science and he was by far the hardest hitter. He was plainly tired and in distress, but be was game as a pebble and fought with all the energy and pluck of a bulldog Ruhlin several times was so groggy that he recled. Both men were badly punished but Fitz's blows were the harder and the best

placed. demon Towards the latter end of it he ach and sent Ruhlin on his hands and knees to the floor. It was a terrific punch and the beginning of the end, When Gus got to his feet he reeled like a drunken man and he had to clinch and hug several times to escape being knocked out.

The fifth round was all Fitz's. He possamed well and a good many people thought that he was a good deal weaker than he

was. He was weak, but Rublin could not be induced to make an aggressive fight against him.

The end came early in the sixth round. In spite of all his seconds could advise, Ruhlin would hold his head down. After a sharp mix-up, as they broke away Fitz swatted his man in the jaw with the right. Ruhlin went to the floor, falling on his hands and knees. He took the count and as he slowly staggered to his feet Fitz let him have the right again. Gus reeled. As he did Fitz up-hoked him with terrific force with his left and Ruhlin fell on his

face as limp as a rag and dead to the world.

The best man won beyond the cavil of a

## MEN OF THE RING GIVE THEIR VIEWS.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

men of the ring on the Fitzsimmons-Ruhlin | my terms to get on a match,

Ruhlin was whipped practically in the first round. When he returned to his corner

he told me he was awfully tired. He was The terrific mix-up was too much for a fat nan. He was fat and not in condition. His preparation was all wrong. He trained in a little three-by-six room that was enough to unfit the strongest man. I still believe he is the greatest of the heavyweights. Had he been in condition he could have put Fitz out a dozen times, for Fitzsimmons was very, very tired at times, and left his face wholly unprotected.

Indeed, Ruhlin managed to land four or five blows on the jaw that would have won the fight had there been any force behind them. The fight was fast and furious from the start. Both men had determined on a quick decision. It came quick, but should have come quicker, for Ruhlin was all but out in the third round and again in the fifth round.

Fitzsimmons was shifty on his feet, but seems to be slower than in the past. His blows, however, have all the force of a trained pugilist. The knockout blow was

like the kick of a mule. Fitzsimmons feinted with his right. Ruhlin blocked. Quick as a tlash Fitzsimmons's left landed, kerplunk, on the jaw. Runlin fairly leaped into the air and fell to the

New York, Aug. 10.—Here are views of defeat him again, but he must agree to

BY "HONEST" JOHN KELLY. It was a great battle, and the result was just as I anticipated. Fitz showed that he is still a winning fighter, with plenty of strength. He outfought Ruhlin at every stage of the game.

BY KID McCOY.
I knew the contest would not go over ten rounds. Fitzsimmons is a harder man to beat than Sharkey. He is clever anl has

a punch that will stop them all. own game. Fitzsimmons outgeneraled his man from the start to finish.

OLD ENEMIES SHAKE HANDS. Fitzsimmons and Corbett Make Up

Their Ancient Quarrel. REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

New York, Aug. 10.-For the first time since their memorable battle at Carson

# FILES SUIT FOR DIVORCE.

Outcome of the Shooting of J. B. Kendall by Thrasher Hall Thursday Night.

MANY INDIGNITIES CHARGED.

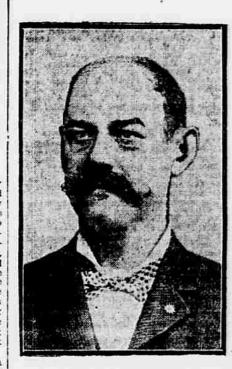
Corespondent Is Named — **Husband Intimates Cross** Bill Will Be Entered.

As a direct result of the sensational shooting of J. B. Kendall by Thrasher Hall at the home of the former at No. 4129 Lindell boulevard Thursday evening, suit for divorce, alimony and custody of her three sons, was filed late yesterday afternoon by Mrs. Fannie Flesh-Morse, leading soprano in the choir of the Lindell Avenue M. E. Church, against her husband, Thomas Per-

The allegations cover almost the entire camut of infractions of the marital relations, and a corespondent is named. It is understood that Mr. Morse will file a cross bill in the immediate future.

Mrs. Morse's suit has been in contemplation for a year and a half, during which time Mr. and Mrs. Morse have been separated. Pressure by her friends, she says, especially by Glenn Morse, a son of Mr. Morse, by a former marriage, as well as considerations for her three young sons, tept her from filing the papers before. The shooting of Thursday night, and the sensational allegations made by Mr. Morse and his friends, convinced Mrs. Morse, she says, that no other course but a request for a legal separation was available if she would silence the rumors with which her name has been connected.
Allegations in the Petition.

The petition covers less than three typewritten pages. The allegations are: Such indignities as



THOMAS P. MORSE.

would render the condition of the plaintiff intolerable; a general charge of habitual drunkenness; failure to support herseif and her children; abandonment for a long pe-riod; failure on the part of the defendant to keep the promises he made when a rec-onciliation was effected, and which lasted for one year; personal abuse; application of vile and opprobrious epithets; threats of personal violence at divers times; drawing and pointing a pistol at the plaintiff, and threats to kill her and the children; statutory offenses, in which a woman known as "Dixie" is named as a corespondent, the charge being made that Mrs. Morse went to the woman's home, then on Virginia avenue, was refused nomittance, but mnaily effected an entrance, and while failing to find Mr. Morse, afterwards charged him with being there, received a denial, then an admission of guilt, and a promise to do better; the story of reconciliation, allegations charging failure on the part of the defendant to keep his promises, and a repetition of all the former charges, with the further charge that the defendant unjusty accused her of infidelity, and by his raise charges interfered with her ability to supcharge being made that Mrs. Morse went charges interfered with ner ability to support herself and her children.

Her Attorney's Statement.

Her Attorney's Statement.

The petition was prepared in the office of former Lieutenant Governor Charles P. Johnson yesterday afternoon, Mrs. Morse, Governor Johnson and Attorney Ben F. Clark taking part in the work. The papers were drawn up by Mr. Clark and taken by him to the Courthouse at 5:39 o'clock, where they were filed.

"The charges are sweeping," said Governor Johnson last night, "but the evidence that Mrs. Morse has seems to be sufficient to prove all of them. I am convinced that she is a much persecuted woman, and that the allegations that have been made against her and gentlemen whose friendship for her has been wholly biameless, are absolutely unwarranted by the facts. She anticipates the necessity for making many disagree-"The charges are sweeping," said Governor Johnson last night, "but the evidence that Mrs. Morse has seems to be sufficient to prove all of them. I am convinced that she is a much per-ceuted woman, and that the allegations that have been made against her and gentlemen whose friendship for her has been wholly biameless, are absolutely unwarranted by the facts. Sine anticipates the necessity for making many disagreeable disclosures, and for that reason recused for a long time to institute proceedings for the divorce. But after the occurrences of Thursday night she deemed this the only course to pursue, and took it. All the evidence so far revealed tends to show that she has been patient under a very severe burden, and no fault should be found with her because she has at last asked for rea punch that will stop them all.

SULLIVAN'S OPINION.
BY JOHN L. SULLIVAN.
Fitzsimmons won just as I expected. He is a great ligater and looled Rualin at his own game. Fitzsimmons outgenerated his

Mrs. Morse Talks. Mrs. Morse was seen at her home, No. 4456

MRS. FANNIE FLESH MORSE.

might be made that 'if' I had given him another chance all would have been well.

"But his promises were broken, and after a year we separated again. That was eighteen months ago. Since that time I have been compelled to support myself, having the handleap of his enmity. My means of gaining a living by singing have been curtailed by his actions, and frequently I have not known which way to turn. Can any wife, any mether, any honorable man or woman, blame me now for taking this decisive step, after this latest and most harrowing and unjust indignity? I regret the necessity for the act; I cannot regret the act itself.

"Certain charges that have been made against me, in connection with my whereabouts last Sunday night, demand an explanation, but I will not give it through the press.

the press.

"I am prepared to fully account for every moment of that time, and to prove that there was absolutely nothing wrong connected with my association with Mr. Hall, either at that time or at any other time. When the occasion arises I shall go into this matter to the fullest extent. I have made a full statement to my lawyers, and it is that statement that I will make whenever the occasion arises."

Miss Flesh Defends Her Sister. Miss Mattie Flesh, sister of Mrs. Morse, last evening made several strong statements in regard to her sister's suit for divorce from Mr. Morse, and condemned Mr. Morse and Mr. Kendall in unmeasured terms.

from Mr. Morse, and condemned Mr. Morse and Mr. Kendall in unmeasured terms.

"In regard to the charges brought by Mr. Morse and his sympathizers against my sister's reputation," she said, "I can only say that Annie's reputation in the past is the best proof of her present innocence. Her friends—her real friends—know this and they believe in her. They know that she is a Flesh, and never yet has the name of Flesh been suilled with a single spot of scandal.

"My sister was urged long ago to bring suit for a divorce, but she has, up to this time, invariably refused to consider the idea for a moment. The first and foremost reason was that of her children. She greatly disliked the idea of casting the slightest repreach on their name by having it known that their mother and father were divorced.

"Then Mr. Morse's son by a former marriage. Glenn Morse, who is not now living in St. Louis, but is studying for the ministry, repeatedly begged her not to seek legal separation; and she has always listened to his pleadings. He is devoted to his stepmother, and has given her substantial aid.

"I cannot speak of Mr. Hall and his con-

I cannot speak of Mr. Hall and his conreather speak of Mr. Half and his connection with the affair in terms of too
strong gratitude and friendship. Mr. Hall
has ever been a chivalrous gentleman. My
family has known him for a number of
years and we regard him as one of the most
honorable and worthy of men. His defense
of my sister's name only gives us added
proof of what we aiready knew concerning
his worth.

proof of what we already knew concerning his worth.

"Every time he has appeared in public with my sister it has been at my request. Please make that emphatic. It is absolutely true in every particular. Oftentimes at night my sister, when she was obliged to sing at concerts or at some house entertainment, or even at choir practice, has been without an exert. It was impossible for ment, or even at choir practice, has been without an escort. It was impossible for me to accompany her. My brother has his wife to think of. Mr. Hall was the family friend and escort. He has called for my sister and has seen that she reached home in safety; but always, mind you, at my request.

Mr. Hall's Friendship.

"Another thing which Mr. Morse has made much of and in which he is as vastly wrong as in many other points of his story is his statement that he has seen my sister wrong as in many other points of his story is his statement that he has seen my sister at places of amusement alone with Mr. Hall. There is a strong family resemblance between Fannie and myself. Our friends readily mistake us when we are removed from them at a short distance. I have been at the summer gardens—one night I remember in particular at the Delmar, not long ago—with Mr. Hall. Afterwards I heard that Mr Morse was making a casus belif of this event, having mistaken me for my sister, just as had happened many times before.

"It is very hard to keep silent now, when Mr. Morse is pouring down on my sister's head such floods of untrue statements. Some comment, I see, has been caused by the fact that Fannie is so serene and secure in all her statements and her demeanor. Why shouldn't she be? She has nothing to be afraid of.
"Our time is coming. Our lawyers have advised silence until the divorce suit comes up, and then we will have our finnings. We will make Mr. Morse sorry that he ever spoke!"

Mr. Morse Makes a Denial. the purpose of extorting money, or for any other unworthy purpose.

"I have been wronged, and I most certainly will not let the matter rest where it is. I do not care to make any extended statement now; my position will be fully explained when the suits come to trial.

"I see that the charge has been made that for a time my wife supported me. I deny that charge. At one time I was in business difficulties, and Mrs. Mosse, as any other wife should do, helped me. But the help was for the expenses of the family, not for my individual expenses. I was all right as long as I could keep cartiages and servants, and live in the highest style, but after I had misfortunes I was not wanted."

Identity of the Co-respondent. Attorneys for Mrs. Morse say that the co-respondent referred to as "Dixle" in the petition for divorce is known as "Dixie Perry."

the office of Governor Johnson, with him since their memorable battle at Carson City, Corbett and Bob Fitzsimmons were brought together to-night. After Fitzsimmons recovered sufficiently, he strolled across the ring to Ruhlin's corner to shade hands with his victim. Corbett was standing close by, but never said a word. In turning away from Ruhlin, Fitzsimmons spied his old rival and, extending his hand, said:
"Well, Jim, will you shake?"
"Why, certainly," said the ex-champion, as he grasped Ruby Robert warmly by the hand.
"Year," said Corbett, "you made a great battle, and I wish you luck."

Both fighters parted smiling. Few people close to the ring noticed the incident on account of the great excitement, It was the first word that passed between the pair in years. Although they have come together frequently on the street, neither has noticed the other.

The office of Governor Johnson, with his actual the petition. After the say for lattered to affer all the best long for the say for pulse at the say form the means of the rewards, I astended choir rehearsa, I attended choir rehears, I attended choir rehears, I was a month of the say of the first word. I have been forced to suffer all the indignates in a this time is that for ten years, or since my bright and three box offer.

The rehear of the missing him money of her attended that here were any grounds for the use of her and outselves and outselves and the say of her attended t